



THE GIRL IN RED.

CHAPTER I.

Love at First Sight. THIRTY-FOURTH STREET, Broadway and Sixth Avenue. Mid-afternoon on a bright fall day. If there is a busier, more densely populated or more perilous crossing it must be the crossing of the Stuy. Sixth Avenue cars, Broadway cars, cross-town cars, cars running in 6 directions. Cabs, autos and trucks converging at this vortex of mid-Manhattan's whirlpool. Theatres and department stores and promenades that draw countless throngs of people into their radius of attraction. Broad pavements, broad streets, but both far too narrow to accommodate the mass of traffic. From east, west, north and south pour the flood of humanity—a flood that whips, flows, eddies, converges, clashes, swirls and surges like a sentient Niagara. And overhead, adding worse noise and confusion to this apotheosis of confu-

sion and noise, roars and thunders the "L."

Is it a wonder that country folk, bewildered, frightened, caught in the resistless clutch of this human whirlpool, return home to tell fearful tales of its dangers?

Small marvel that the harsh clang of an ambulance bell now and then rises above the heavier noise of the trolley gong! Old, infirm, or easily confused pedestrians have paid and will yet pay with their lives for their temerity in venturing into the Whirlpool.

The seasoned New Yorker, who seldom turns his head at the passing of the galloping ambulance, and when nothing short of a subway explosion could confuse him, glances at it with a placid smile and with an unconscious caution amid the mass. But was to him if a moment of absent-mindedness or bewilderment overtakes him during the journey. He sees the rushing mass of traffic, the crowded sidewalks, the business centers and cross-town facilities combine to form this Bedlam.

A young man in his twenty-third year, of about middle height, lightly yet powerfully built, stood on the edge of the curb, waiting an opportunity to cross Broadway. He saw the rushing mass of traffic, the crowded sidewalks, the business centers and cross-town facilities combine to form this Bedlam.

Arthur Gray had, sorely against his will, accompanied his mother on a shopping excursion. He had followed her, with the pathetic, idiotic patience of a man always feeling at such times, from counter to counter of a half dozen stores. At the entrance of Flak's she had taken pity on him.

"I'll be in here nearly an hour," she had said. "Run across to your club, you poor martyr, and get a smoke. At the end of the time come back and wait for me here at the door."

Eagerly he had availed himself of the permission. It was good to be free from the bustle and hurry of the shops which confused him so much more than did the mightier rush of Broadway; to be free from the fear of colliding with shoppers and cash girls; to rid his ears of the awful iteration: "Cash—next counter, please—Here's your change—Yes, full width—No, ma'am, it was a special sale and we have none left at that price."

It was good to stand on Broadway once more, to take deep breaths of the exhilarating atmosphere which seems peculiar to "The Only Street," to watch the crowds sweep by, to laugh when vehicle got into a snarl, to note the fleeting procession of pretty faces that more than once glanced admiringly at his trim figure and handsome, boyish face.

A little cry, a flash of vivid red, an oath from a truck driver, a policeman running too late to the rescue!

Arthur Gray's quick eye, trained by 3 years on the football field, took in every detail at a glance. His gloves and snatched stick dropped unheeded to the pavement and he plunged as though "bucking the centre," into the congested jumble of vehicles in front of him.

This is what that hasty glance had shown him: A decidedly pretty girl, somewhat girlishly attired in a scarlet walking dress, had started to cross the street from the opposite direction, accompanied by a shabbily-clad elderly man. A team of truck-horses wheeling into Broadway from Thirty-fourth street, had become unmanageable and, despite their driver's blasphemous efforts, were bearing straight down upon her. She had crossed the eastern track somewhat hurriedly to avoid a northbound trolley car, when she first saw the horses.

She stood stock still for an instant, panic written on her pretty brunette face, scared beyond the possibility of

A Love-Led Quest From Shop to Shop of the Girl in Red.

BY ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.

Find the Girl's Age. \$100 in Prizes. FIRST PRIZE, \$25 SECOND PRIZE, \$10 13 OTHER PRIZES, EACH, \$5

might occur many times a day, and from which a quicker and more observant brain could have extricated the

A LEAP FOR LIFE.



Arthur Gray, Bearing His Fair Burden, Had Landed on the Fender of the Car.

prompt action. And prompt action alone could save her. For, from the opposite direction, directly in the path she must take should she run forward, a trolley car was also moving. Arthur Gray dashed toward the girl in Red. The fender of the southbound car grazed him as he passed in front of it. He picked up the girl as though she

The car going north was just reaching the spot for which he jumped. It was moving rapidly, the motorman not having taken in the full meaning of the danger.

A host of hearts stood still, and from a host of throats burst a hoarse cry of belated warning.

Then there was a gasp of incredulity and relief, and the motorman whistled his lever with all his might to check the car.

For, with absolute precision, Arthur Gray, bearing his fair burden, had landed on the fender of the car and had grasped with his right hand the motorman's arm to steady himself. In a second the car came to a stop, and Gray, stepping from his perilous position on the fender, deposited the girl in Red safely on the sidewalk.

He should raise his hat and walk away. But he could not take his eyes from her face. He stood, stupidly enough, staring into her black eyes with unaltered admiration.

An athlete and student from boyhood, Arthur Gray had cared comparatively little for the society of women up to this time. He had never been in love, and therefore knew nothing of the symptoms. But now, as he looked into the beautiful, glowing young face upraised to his, a strange thrill swept through him and his heart throbbed tumultuously.

He did not stop to reason that this novel sensation might merely be infatuation bred of romance, proximity and physical beauty. He felt it to be true love—love at first sight.

"How splendid! How heroic of you!" panted the girl in Red as soon as she could get her breath. "But for you I must have been killed. I—" "Permit me sir," said a timid little voice at Arthur's shoulder, "to express

How to Tell the Age of the Girl in Red.

THERE will be twelve chapters of "The Girl in Red." In each chapter there will be a number 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100.

One number is to be selected from each chapter as the story appears. Then to find the Girl in Red's age add the numbers selected from the first four chapters, subtract the number in the fifth, add to the remainder the numbers in the sixth, seventh and eighth chapters, subtract the number in the ninth chapter, add the number in the tenth, multiply the number in the eleventh and divide this product by the number in the twelfth chapter. The quotient and remainder will be the Girl in Red's age in years and months.

The number in today's chapter is 8. Fill out this blank when the story is completed and send it to "Girl in Red," Editor Evening World, P. O. Box 1384, New York City.

The story will end Saturday, Dec. 5, but answers will be received up to noon Monday, Dec. 7.

No. of Chap.	The Right Number.	No. of Chap.	The Right Number.	No. of Chap.	The Right Number.
1	3	5	Subtract	9	Subtract
2	Add	6	Add	10	Add
3	Add	7	Add	11	Multiply by
4	Add	8	Add	12	Divide by

The Girl in Red's Age.....Years.....Months
Sender's Name.....
Address.....

care of her," thundered the man. "For all you cared she might have been killed. You'll sweat for this neglect."

The pathetic submission wherewith the little man bore the words and the shaking avowed Gray's pity. With a quick twist of the fingers he tore loose the assistant's grip from the other's collar. He used no special gentleness in doing this, and the aggressor bent for a moment almost double, nursing a wrenched wrist. Then he straightened himself and looked Gray in the eyes.

"You shall pay for this," he said, slowly, with a deadly emphasis far more impressive than his earlier bluster. "You shall pay dearly."

Gray glanced the man over from head to heels. He recognized him as a chance acquaintance at the club, recalled that his name was Simon Farjeon and that he was a millionaire bank president, whose past life was rumored to contain some rather unsavory episodes.

"I am very much at your service, Mr. Farjeon," said the athlete coldly. The other walked away without a word.

"Oh, sir!" groaned the little man who had been the cause of the dispute. "I am afraid you have ruined much in

to you my thanks and my compliments."

Arthur turned to see the shabby-gentle little man who had been escorting the girl across the street. The man had a wizened face and a sort of pathetic, hopeless look in his big eyes. He clasped his thin fingers together nervously as he spoke. He had but 2. The tenth was a stump.

"I am grateful to you, sir," he continued. "I never witnessed anything more courageous and brilliant. I was—ah—unfortunately unable to keep pace with this young lady, so I was powerless to assist. All I could do was to see and admire."

"You old fool!" said a newcomer, hurrying toward them. Laying a heavy hand on the little man's coat collar he shook him as a terrier shakes a rat. "You were sent to protect and take

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Amusements.

HUBER'S 14TH ST. MUSEUM. Convention of Bannan. Smaller edition of the great book of 1000 years ago. Huber's 14th St. Museum. Convention of Bannan. Smaller edition of the great book of 1000 years ago.

MAJESTIC. Broadway and 30th St. 8 sharp. With WILLIAM KOBAN. A new play. Majestic. Broadway and 30th St. 8 sharp. With WILLIAM KOBAN. A new play.

BROADWAY. Broadway and 42nd St. 8 sharp. With WILLIAM KOBAN. A new play. Broadway. Broadway and 42nd St. 8 sharp. With WILLIAM KOBAN. A new play.

NEW AMSTERDAM. Broadway and 42nd St. 8 sharp. With WILLIAM KOBAN. A new play. New Amsterdam. Broadway and 42nd St. 8 sharp. With WILLIAM KOBAN. A new play.

NEW YORK. Broadway and 42nd St. 8 sharp. With WILLIAM KOBAN. A new play. New York. Broadway and 42nd St. 8 sharp. With WILLIAM KOBAN. A new play.

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"The Girl in Black's" Name Was Viola Blair---The 15 Prize Winners.

The name of the heroine of "The Girl in Black," the romance completed in last Thursday Evening's World, was VIOLA BLAIR.

THE PRIZE WINNERS. The winners of the fifteen prizes are:

FIRST PRIZE \$25 SADIE CHARD, 314 West 143d street, New York City.

SECOND PRIZE \$10 S. DORFMAN, 1081 Third Avenue, New York City.

THIRTEEN OTHER PRIZES, EACH \$5 F. G. BOUTELLE, Neperan Park, N. Y.

BEATRICE FORNWALT, 137 Mt. Prospect Avenue, Newark, N. J.

MRS. KATIE ECKARD, 203 St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx.

HERBERT WISE, 122 West 118th Street, New York City.

LOUISE FAYNE, 406 West Forty-fourth Street, New York City.

MRS. CHARLES H. IGOU, 163 West 121st Street, New York City.

CLARE DILLON, 203 Hopkinson Avenue, Brooklyn.

MRS. ELLIOTT, 110 Sussex Street, Jersey City.

M. L. KENNY, 55 Johnson Street, Brooklyn.

ROBERT HASTIE, 41 Columbia Place, Brooklyn.

G. J. MAHON, 55 West 131st Street, New York City.

W. J. SHIELDS, Webster Avenue, New Rochelle, N. Y.

ELLIS HIRSH, 209 East Fifty-seventh Street, New York City.

THE MISPELLED WORDS. The following table shows the misspelled words that were intentionally placed in each chapter, the corrected words and the letters required to correct them, which letters, read downward, spell the heroine's name:

Misspelled Word. Corrected Word. Letter.

1. Lofed. loved. V

2. rediculous. ridiculous. I

3. doctored. doctored. O

4. hopefullly. hopefullly. L

5. parallel. parallel. A

6. dabling. dabling. B

7. villainy. villainy. L

8. separte. separte. A

9. impement. impement. I

10. interrupted. interrupted. R

How Do You Keep Your Husband Home Nights?

Answer This Simple Question and Win \$25 in Prizes.

THE EVENING WORLD offers the following prizes for the best answers to the above question:

A prize of \$10 for a letter from a wife who has successfully kept her husband home nights for the longest number of years.

A prize of \$50 for the most convincing letter telling How to Keep Your Husband Home Nights.

A consolation prize of \$5 to the woman who has tried the hardest and failed to keep her husband home nights.

Letters must not be over 150 words in length and must be written on one side of the paper only to receive attention. Address letters to "Mrs. Harriet Hubbard Ayer, Evening World."

for the most part without any coercion or urging. All the more honor then to the worthy wives who make the home the very pleasantest place their husbands can find "for evenings."

Send along your experiences, happy or otherwise, and let us have the views of everybody on this important question. The contest cannot last very much longer; very soon now two proud wives and one most disconsolate wife will be claiming the prizes we have promised.

Be a Patient Martyr and Hope. Dear Mrs. Ayer:

It's hard to make husbands over. Be wise in your choice. Become well acquainted before marriage. If you have made a mistake, let your wife work to do some tactful counteracting. Be brave and try before you cry. Seek for some bond of sympathy. Learn to cook, as servants do not always prepare his special dishes to suit. He may linger at this evening meal; sitting-room

Don't let him think you think you are his superior. Don't be careless in dress or shoddy. You must retain his respect, and remember that familiarity breeds contempt. Don't fret. If he goes out, say brightly you hope he will return soon. Children may do much, but don't

let them weary him. Have early and regular time for them to retire. Take comfort in being a patient martyr. You may succeed.

UNSELFISH WIFE, Catskill, N. Y.

Keep Jolly, Playful and Young. Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I CAN convince any married woman that she can win her husband's company nights if she be jolly and playful. Keep herself clean and young looking, have her house tidy and clean when he comes home, feel satisfied when he wants to go to the theatre once a week or so, tell him about the children and their cunning little ways and talk of the day, find somewhere to go yourself in the evening and leave him with the children once in a while. Always sympathize with him when he tells you of his hard luck and troubles of the day. I am married five years and my husband has stayed in the house to the extent of which I have stated.

Mrs. A. M.

A Brave Wife's Pathetic Story. Dear Mrs. Ayer:

I AM twenty-four; have been married nine years; the ninth year the happiest so far. My husband drank and naturally did what always follows this course. My first years of married life were very pitiful. I tried every way to

change him, and when such ways failed to act "quickly" I was about hopeless. Since then I have changed and seemingly am indifferent to all his errand ways, which has caused him a lot of thought and some worry, where before he had no regard for me at all. I am now trying the "slow cure," but feel that it will be sure. I try to look well and be cheerful (not too much so) and I find that by summing it all up he is not the same as of old, and he continues I think that in time he will be almost as I would desire. I give his age (thirty-nine) so that you may know I have had no young man to deal with. Let me also add that I know he is worthy.

PATIENCE.

Practice the Golden Rule. Dear Mrs. Ayer:

If you love your husband do not keep it to yourself; show and act it. It's just like religion; so many think it, but never live it in their daily life. The more you do for each other with loving words and deeds the more you will think of each other. Always be pleasant and have a loving word for your husband when he comes home from work. No matter how you feel yourself, remember a man gets discouraged very quickly, and if you are always pleasant when he comes home he will soon forget his daily troubles and be glad to be at home. You will find that loving words and deeds will accomplish more than anything else. Always do unto each other as you would be done by, and live it. If a wife does her duty, try to have a pleasant disposition, leave trouble aside, learn to understand him, study

him. I could not keep my husband home evenings when I was first married. It was my own mistake; was young and did not know how to run a home. Now he sees I do all I can to make his home happy one. Don't show a man that you care; every man is different. My husband does not care to go out alone any more I cannot expect him to sit in the house. I hope to have succeeded at last in trying my best for our future happiness.

Mrs. M. O.

Amusements. NEW EMPIRE THEATRE. Broadway and 40th St. MAUDE ADAMS. Thursday and Saturday. EXTRA MATINEE THURSDAY. GO WHERE THE CROWDS GO! 14 SONG HITS! 5,000 LAUGHS. NEW LYCEUM. Broadway and 40th St. Wm. Gillette in "THE LIGHTS OF LONDON." GARDEN THEATRE. 27th St. and Mad. Ave. EVENING. 8.15. Mat. 2.30. EXTRA MATINEE THURSDAY. SUCCESS THAN AT DALY'S. BETTER THAN EVER. NEW SONGS—SAME FAVORITES. SAVOY THEATRE. Broadway and 24th St. CHARLOTTE WIEBE. Thursday and Saturday. CRITERION THEATRE. Broadway and 44th St. Wm. FAYERSHAM. MISS ELIZABETH'S PRISONER. GARRICK THEATRE. 44th St. and B'way. LADY ROSE'S DAUGHTER. FAY DAVIS. HUDSON THEATRE. 44th St. and B'way. BETH BARRYMORE—COUSIN KATE. Thursday, Friday and Saturday. NEW STAR. Broadway and 23rd St. MINER'S THEATRE. Broadway and 23rd St. CITY SPORTS BUREAU. 3RD AVE. The Road to Ruin.